

ELLEN DAY HALE

Daughter of Dr. Edward Everett Hale,
From Whose Washington Studio Have
Come Paintings Recognized
As Masterpieces.

Unaided by Parent's Illustrious Position, This Talented Artist Has Gained Much Fame by Her Cleverness With Brush and Palette

TO BE carried into a world of idealism people with a dream of beautiful women, one needs but to visit the studio of Ellen Day Hale, on N street. It is not as the daughter of Edward Everett Hale that Miss Hale is best known, but as an artist of rare ability. At present she is painting a study head of a young woman whose soul-searching, deep-brown eyes glorify her face. This painting will be exhibited at the Corcoran Art Gallery. There can be traced already in the picture the highly imaginative and serious qualities of the painter.

Though Miss Hale idealizes her portraits, they are all very human and real people that she shows. The colors are soft and warm. The faces merely depict the ideal and beautiful in human nature, and bury the gross and commonplace. There is a huge canvas called Rose. It shows a young woman with a sweetly serious expression standing near a high tea table, reading a paper. She is gowned in white, and the background is soft purple and yellow, skillfully blended.

Painting of Roman Bride.

Near this painting is the "Roman Bride." She is tall, and her symmetrical figure is draped in a filmy golden-yellow veil. The Roman brides wore yellow veils in preference to white. This picture has a purplish-yellow background, all light and shade, and strangely inducive of day dreams. The bride stands in such a position that only her profile is shown, and she seems to be gazing through and beyond whoever or whatever is in front of her.

Miss Hale was born in Worcester in 1855. Like her brother, Philip,

she evinced early in life her fondness for drawing. Her aunt, Miss Susan Hale, cultivated this taste, and afterward she studied with William Rimmer, the great sculptor and art anatomist, of Boston. She was also the pupil of Miss Knowlton and William Morris Hunt. Early in her life Boston had become her home, as her father became the minister of a church there. In the stately, old-fashioned mansion in Roxbury, a part of Boston, Miss Hale had a studio. Her paintings gave evidence of such remarkable talent that she was sent abroad to study.

In Paris Miss Hale studied chiefly at the Academie Julien, and exhibited in the salons of 1883 and 1885 as a painter, and later as an etcher. Beside portraits and figure painting, Miss Hale has given some time to decorative art. Her mural painting called "The Nativity" is now in the Unitarian Church on Exeter street, in Boston, of which her father was the pastor for many years.

Her Best Known Work.

"The Nativity" is one of Miss Hale's best-known works. The subject is a familiar one, and representations of it abound in every form of art. Usually the Mother and Child are beautifully robed, and the faces are so ethereally beautiful that they are beyond human conception. Miss Hale pre-



"THE ROSE,"

One of Miss Hale's Best Pictures.

beneath a big scooped green bonnet called a calash. This sort of headgear was very fashionable many years ago. Though this fair girl looks straight out from the canvas, she seems to gaze beyond the spectator far into space, as if she is wandering in some lovely dream world of her own.

Critics have often said that Miss Hale's paintings show real flesh and blood people. This is probably because she paints from models, and has made a thorough study of art anatomy. Many painters of the ideal and beautiful fail in this respect. They show faces with natural expressions, but one feels that underneath the draperies of the figures there is no flesh and bone.

Pictures of Her Parents.

In the big, cheery studio of her Roxbury home, Miss Hale painted the portraits of her father and mother. She had no occasion to idealize these faces. The naturally sweet and peaceful expression of her mother, and the benevolent and kindly face of her father, were ideal of themselves. The result was that the paintings were wonderfully true to life.

Often Miss Hale goes with her father to the Senate, where from the gallery she sketches the speaker.

While in England, some years ago, Miss Hale was the guest of Cobden Sanderson, the famous bookbinder. From his home at Hammersmith she painted a scene looking down the Thames. This is one of those misty gray, shadowy pictures. It takes one miles down the river in imagination, and phantom figures abound there.

erful attitude with clasped hands. Kneeling on the left is a golden-haired angel, clad in delicate white garments, whose face is illumined with a look of immortal faith and love.

Ever since her father became chaplain of the Senate, Miss Hale has spent her winters in Washington with her parents at their home on N street. There she has a well-lighted, comfortable studio on the top floor, where she spends several hours a day. She is an indefatigable worker.

Sketched Chief Executive.

Soon after her arrival in Washington she sketched splendid likenesses of President Roosevelt and Vice President Fairbanks. The portrait of the President is particularly true to life, as he did not pose for it. Miss Hale went to his office in the White House annex, and sketched him there while he worked busily at his desk. He is in a characteristic attitude, with his head tilted slightly sidewise, and wearing a pleasantly determined and firm expression.

The Roosevelt and Fairbanks drawings were lately exhibited in the Corcoran Art Gallery.

"The Green Calash," one of Miss Hale's favorite works, won the third prize given by the Society of Washington Artists in 1905 in the Corcoran Art Gallery. In this a

MISS ELLEN DAY HALE,
From Stereograph Copyright, 1907, by
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tail, slender girl, with a thoughtful, pensive face, looks out from

STURDY SWEDES HEALTHIEST RACE

With the Swedes exercise, gymnastic exercise, not mere walking, is a religion. The very criminals under sentence must leave it, and therefore full instructions for daily gymnastics are posted even in the condemned cell. As soon as they think of depriving a malefactor of his Bible as of his "day's order." Grown folk must have it, and therefore the gymnasiums spring up as thick as mushrooms. The children must have it; therefore, when the state has done all that it can for them physically private associations take them up. Free skating rinks and toboggan slides—even free toboggans and skates for the skaters—are provided free with the end of giving the children joy than of promoting that fetish of the Swedish soul—public health. Associations for outdoor games take charge of the public playgrounds, organizing so-called pedagogic games that are not only uproarious fun but develop swiftness, precision and nerve. With government aid, these societies send teachers of games to all the common schools and the children are

turned loose in the open air every day for a short romp. We use these Swedish games in our gymnasiums and in such of the public schools as can command the space. Why not use them out of doors and make them universal?

The Swedish government itself takes splendid care of the muscles of its little citizens. Every school child in the kingdom is under bonds to learn to swim, unless, as is rarely the case, the schoolhouse is too far from any water.

As for the formal gymnastics in Swedish schools, it is a very serious affair; for it is body building. The bodies of English boys and girls are not "built," they just grow.

The rugged children of Sweden are a convincing recommendation of the national method. In agility, poise, and grace, to say nothing of physical stamina, they are far in advance of our school children. A bigger investment in scientific physical training in the schools would pay dividends in the shape of a sturdier nervous organization, a sounder physique.

Medical gymnastics after the Swedish model are more and more coming into favor with English physicians. But middle-aged English people have a lot to learn about the therapeutic value of exercise. It keeps off fatty degeneration; it keeps off age. Look at the Swedes—their clean skins; their fresh color, their freedom from surplus weight. Look at their mortality rate—the lowest in the civilized world.

Ever know a man so fair that he wouldn't twist his side of the story a little to his side?



"THE GREEN CALASH,"
Miss Hale's Favorite Painting.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE,
From a Painting Made by His Daughter

sents the subject in a new light. The Child in simple swaddling clothes lies in the manger filled with straw. Beside the manger kneels the Mother.

The form, the sweet, sad face, and the auburn hair of the Mother and the tiny babe in white stand out in full relief against the darkness of the night. A golden glory of light, shed from the Star of Bethlehem overhead, circles about the two figures. On the other side of the Child is a yoke of oxen. To the right of this picture is a panel of St. Joseph kneeling, in a pray-